

CHURCH MATTERS.

Religious Notices.
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. H. W. Ballantine, Pastor. Public worship on the Sabbath at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12 M. Week-day prayer-meeting, Sabbath at 7 P. M. Weekly prayer-meeting, Thursday, at 7:45 P. M.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Ezra D. Simons, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday school, 12 M. The Lord's Supper on the first Sabbath of each month, close of morning service. Temperance meeting on Tuesday evenings. Prayer-meeting on Thursday evenings. Young People's meeting, Sabbath evening at 6:30 o'clock.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. D. R. Lowrie, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 2:30 P. M. Prayer meeting, Thursday evenings at 7:45. Class meetings, Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7:45 o'clock.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Fremont street, corner Franklin.—Rev. S. W. Duffield, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school, 12 M. Weekly prayer-meeting at 8 o'clock each Thursday evening, in Chapel parlor.

CHRIST CHURCH (Episcopal).—Liberty street.—Rev. W. G. Farrington, D. D., Rector. Morning service, 10:30 o'clock. Second service. Sunday school at 9:15 A. M. for the summer.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.—Rev. J. M. Nardiello, Pastor. First mass, 8:30 A. M. High mass, 10:30 A. M. Vespers, 3 P. M. Sunday school, 2:30 P. M.

BERKELEY UNION SABBATH SCHOOL.—Held in Berkeley School-house, Bloomfield avenue, every Sunday at 3 o'clock P. M. John A. Skinner, Superintendent. All are welcome.

WATKINSVILLE M. E. CHURCH.—Rev. J. Cowans, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school, 2:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Thursday evening at 7:45. Class meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:45.

ST. PAUL'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH (Watkinsville).—Rev. Daniel I. Edwards, Rector. Morning service, 10:30 o'clock; evening service, 7:30. Sunday school, 3 P. M.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. John M. Enslin, Pastor. Hours of service, 10:30 A. M. Sunday school, 2 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Tuesday evening, 7:45 o'clock.

REFORMED CHURCH (Brookdale).—Rev. William G. E. See, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school, 9 A. M. E. G. Day, Superintendent. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday evening.

HOPE CHAPEL.—Sunday school every Sabbath at 3:30 P. M. John G. Broughton, Superintendent.

SILVER LAKE.—Sabbath school held every Sunday, in the hall, at 3 P. M. Charles A. Hubbs, Superintendent. Gospel meeting every Sabbath evening at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer and Conversational meeting, Wednesday evening.

Montgomery Gas Jets.

The Montgomery Nimrod has nearly exterminated the swallows and sparrows. Some interesting sights are witnessed in Lovers' Lane these bright moonlight nights. The Sunday fishermen still line the brook sides. They get plenty of bites—from mosquitoes.

The road master has not yet made his rounds, consequently the roads are in pretty fair condition for Belleville.

A lager beer wagon met with an accident here a few days since, being overturned in the gutter. Gutters have an attraction for sleepy drivers.

The old Canal House has been remodeled. The improvements consist of a dormer window in the roof and a new cellar door in the basement.

The portion of the 'chemical works' that were burned are nearly replaced. When, oh! when is that telephonic connection with the fire department to be made? Echo answers, when? Some day, perhaps; after another fire. Well, this correspondent don't care: his property is well insured.

Mr. I. Moore has in his orchard a tree that is estimated by good judges to contain at least fifty bushels of apples. The fruit is so plenteous that it leaves no room for leaves, and the limbs and branches are hidden from view.

There are, in this vicinity, three guide-boards. The first one declares it is 14 miles to Bloomfield, the next says 14 miles, while the third one pronounces it only 1 mile. They all lie. Travelers inquire who was drunk when the frauds were gotten up.

The station on the N. Y. & G. L. R. R. is considered rather open this rainy season—even the big wooden umbrella leaks a trifle. Will we ever have better accommodations for the tremendous rush of travelers at this crowded station?

Our Irish fellow-citizens hereabouts are coming out strongly for Blaine. They claim that he is the only statesman that upheld their rights in any legislative body, and that his pronounced protection policy is the beef and bread for the workmen. They readily see that home competition is too great, and draw back at the faintest suspicion of free trade doctrine, which is openly advocated by many Democrats.

The fight in the back yard, between two big boys. Some one would remember the fellow that was caught half-way through the window, in a good position to receive the lacing. Old—gave him. Another would recollect the chap that was detected kissing the belle of the school in the entry; while the big pin the teacher sat on would call up a smile to those that witnessed his lively gymnastics. The nicks cut in the quince gads, so they would break easily, would be remembered, and many other boyish freaks. There also would be a sad retrospect to look back upon. The remembrance of so many of the number who had gone to join the silent majority, others that had proved sad failures in life; some that had suffered the ills of existence to wreck what once promised honorable and useful careers. All these would be recalled by the gray beads at such a reunion; but still it would be both interesting and profitable for these scarred and life-worn nerves to regather at the starting point in life and compare notes. By all means, old boys, get together and make the old shanties re-echo the joys and sorrows of the past. GASBAG.

Prohibition Party.

To the Citizen:
 In your issue of July 26th you have seen fit to assail the Prohibition party in a way, to say the least, unwarranted by any facts, and upon grounds entirely presumptive. You start out with asking four questions, and we will answer ourselves of the Yankee privilege of answering one question by asking another: How do you know they are "prohibition at any price people"; and what is "their pet scheme"? The other two questions are general and have no necessary application to the case. The first two, it is suddenly assumed, can only be answered to the detriment of the wicked Prohibition Party, which dares to think for itself, and cast its vote as an enlightened conscience dictates. We have never seen a "prohibition at any price" advocate, and if their "pet scheme" is the total abolition of the accursed liquor traffic, we are so stupid we cannot understand how it interferes with the "promotion of law," the "defense of home," and the "salvation of souls," for no man is so blind (not even the editor of a Republican paper) that he cannot see, nor so ignorant that he does not know, that law has no more defiant enemy, the home no danger more threatening, and that there is no obstacle in the way of the salvation of souls greater than rum, and the saloons where it is sold.

We may be "rank reformers," but it is because the evil is rank, like a cancer whose roots have taken hold of the very life of the nation, and only rank and radical measures will suffice. We do believe that prohibition is a question of a national character, ranking all others in importance; but we do not argue to ourselves "all wisdom," (how could we after reading your editorial?) and do not see why you or anybody else, should be so troubled because we try to keep "our particular little patch well hoed," as we do not throw our weeds in our neighbor's patch, nor our stones at him, while our generous neighbors continually stand looking over our fence and ridicule us for the way we are working, and interfering with that work all they can, simply because we want work in their way, and have our patch as muddy and weedy as theirs.

Just here we would like to ask you what you mean by "Temperance," and why at the head of the "W. C. T. U." column, which is "For God and Home and Native Land," you put these extremely cautious words, "The editors of the Citizen do not hold themselves responsible for anything that may be printed in this column." Honest answers to these questions may throw some light on the "true inwardness" of your apparent attitude toward the cause of temperance, by which we mean TOTAL ABSTINENCE, and eventually PROHIBITION. The meaning of your second paragraph is rather obscure. The "ideal state of affairs," which the "many of them good people" are "looking for," and hope to secure by the "innocent means," which has your benediction in a "God speed." Pray, what is the "innocent means" which you approve, and manifest your fatherly interest in?

The third paragraph is simply a rehash of the "prohibition at any price," with a few startling additions, such as, "It should be combatted as strongly, steadily and fearlessly as that spirit which seeks to reform abuse by mob law," and "can any man hold himself guiltless who deliberately throws away his ballot," etc. In the last paragraph this "Every true temperance man can easily see that those who join the Prohibition party are deserters from the cause of temperance."

Now tell us, Mr. Editor, did the prayerful convention which met at Pittsburg, and sought Divine guidance, look anything like a mob, which needed to be "combatted," etc.; and what authority have you for declaring that any citizen who feels it to be his duty to vote for Gov. St. John, is "guilty of deliberately throwing away his ballot?"

In conclusion, we would commend to you the article in the New York Sun (which we have read), as being much more convincing in its style, and much better calculated to keep Prohibition votes in the Republican camp, than such as contain for argument, simply abuse and assumption. Whatever else may be said of the Prohibitionists, they cannot be scolded into voting the Republican ticket. You must give them reasons why they are wrong, and not talk to them as though they were children. Your correspondent has not yet decided to vote the National Prohibition ticket, though he confesses to leaning that way; but such articles as the one he is criticising would topple him over in the way of his leaning, rather than bring him to your side of the house.

OCCASIONAL.

Illustrated Mt. Tabor Daily Record.

The publication of the eighth volume of the Mount Tabor Record will be commenced on the first day of the coming Camp Meeting, August 14th, and will be continued every day—Sundays excepted—for ten sessions, giving reports of all the sermons preached, accounts of every service held, pen sketches of pastors and prominent laymen of the Conference, description of grounds and cottages and notes of daily occurrences. The volume will be handsomely illustrated with fine engravings of scenery and cottage life on and about Mount Tabor.

It will be of greater interest than ever, and will be issued from the office of the *Banner*, Morristown, N. J., each day.
 The prices of subscription in all cases, postage free, will be: Single copy for ten days, 40 cents; clubs of five or more, 20 cents each. With an extra copy of one for each club of ten (\$3).
 Address all subscriptions to the *Banner*, Morristown, N. J.

W. F. J. P.

"For God and Home and Native Land."

The Editors of the *Citizen* do not hold themselves responsible for anything that may be printed in this column.

The Results of Agitation.

"What is the good of so much agitation upon the temperance question? It only seems to make matters worse. If let alone, the evil will remedy itself." This we hear so often.
 After all, the letting alone is just what has been done, and since the tyranny of intemperance has become unendurable the evil is "righting itself," or rather righting society. Reformers are necessary to reforms, part and parcel of reformation itself. 'Tis true, their hue and cry shakes up a community very unpleasantly; but no one dislikes the dust and clamor more than the reformers themselves. If it were practical to build houses without a littering of shavings and broken bricks, mortar and sticks, sand-heaps, clotting lime, and scraps of general confusion, houses would go up without such unsightly and uncomfortable accompaniments. A neighborhood seems for a time to be rendered undesirable during the erection of new buildings; but who thinks of shunning a locality because the sounds of hammer, saw, and chisel are heard therein, or because one-half the highway is obstructed by blocks of prepared stone, pillars of marble, ornamental window-frames, and carved cornices?

Yes, "matters are made worse" for a while, but afterward this unrest brings forth fruits, peaceable, rich, and lovely to behold. Agitation, therefore, is good, and with cooperation it is effective. Agitation without cooperation is of little avail, and the two with method to model the task, are master builders whose works are more enduring than time.

The working power of national temperance agitation is this: it besieges like an army the stronghold of the enemy; it causes him distress and a scarcity of the food on which he subsists; it compels surrender.

One cannot expect a Satanic power like the rum power to capitulate. It may enter into a compromise with its opponents, but it cannot be controlled. It may have a pretense of humility and submission, but it is only pretense. When it surrenders it must be unconditionally.

Temperance agitation, it is true, causes this "strong man armed" to display his banners, gather his cohorts, build forts in French his cities. With the wisdom of the serpent these things are done in time; and with the abandonment of desperation, they are done without regard to cost in life and gold.
 This mighty array of forces, this display of all this glittering ridge of bones on which it builds its breastworks ought not to carry consternation to its opposers; it should encourage them to more complete unity; to thorough and unselfish search after wisdom; to perfected plans; to unbounded sacrifices; to ultimate triumph. It is a worthless army that would fold its tents and glide away upon the first serious signs of resistance made by the foe.

Now that the campaign is fairly closed, banners unfurled, and guns in position, only one of the opposing parties can henceforth occupy the disputed territory. It is for the temperance army to say whether or not the nation shall be yielded to its foes.
 We have through agitation and co-operation demonstrated our working-power, we have thus obtained a full knowledge of the resistance to be met. It would be distortion not to make manifest the legitimate result of these things, which is for the nation "a building not made with hands," grand, pure, eternal. With God and heaven hosts upon our side, who so unworthy as to even think of failure, compromise, or retreat?

Then, workers in the cause of temperance, march on! Fight on, so long as there is fighting to be done. Post your sentinels, pass your countersigns; let God know all, but the enemy nothing. Build picket-huts and forts, but never build defeat. Throw up breastworks, but your hands never lay down corduroy roads, but not your principles. Tramp! tramp! tramp! nearer the enemy's lines, nearer danger, but also nearer victory. Let the "strong man armed" realize that there is one stronger than he, and that God's servants as well as theirs can obey, sacrifice, and endure. Put on the whole armor, and keep it on, that, having withstood in the evil day, you may in the time to come stand unchallenged, unfearing, free.—*Jessie MacGregor.*

The End Thereof.

Many years ago, in the State of Maine, a youth of a trading turn, sold a good jack-knife for a gallon of rum. Dealing it out by the glass it was very easy to double his stock next time. Very soon the young trader found himself the proud owner of a whole barrel, and now he felt that he was fairly launched out in business. Every one praised the young man's enterprise, and a very liberal patronage was given him. The years rolled on and his capital rolled up, until it amounted to eight thousand dollars. A wonderful return for a jack-knife investment. "Men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself." So the reverse side of the picture was not so much dwelt upon. The losses which all that gain represented were left to the computation of starving wives and beggared children whom this prosperous rum-seller had robbed. It was med as if the very church itself "saw through the glass darkly" in those days.

But "riches gotten and not by right" are no blessing to a man's household, and "like a very fiend death comes" to one who has spent his life in destroying his fellows. He came at last to this rich man, and four children cheerfully cut up their inheritance into equal parts. A worthless adventurer married the ill-trained daughter, and a very short time was long enough to squander her money. Reduced to extreme poverty, she at last died in misery and destitution. The sons had ever been among their father's best customers, and now that all restraint was gone, they plunged headlong into the flood.

The money which might have started them well on some useful course, was like the belt of gold to an exhausted swimmer. It sunk them lower and lower. In the case of the two brothers the money was soon gone, and they had not even knacks on which to feed. Want and exposure soon closed the scene.

The remaining son lived on for some years longer, subsisting on the charity of those "who had known him in better days," and spending every cent that came into his possession for strong drink. It is wonderful to see the devices by which even the most poverty-stricken drunkard will get money enough to feed this fire.

One day John begged enough for one rousing "drink," and then crept away as was his wont, to the shelter of a barn to sleep it off. There they found him in his last sleep. On looking over the "effects" he had about him, there was found in his pocket only a piece of string and an old jack-knife. He had left off where his father began.

Barnum once said he would give the highest prize he had ever paid for a curiosity, to see a drinking man who was ultimately successful in business. I think he might offer a like prize for a rum-seller's family "who turned out well."—*J. E. Mac.*

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